

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

The Closing Day of the New Jersey Editorial Excursion - Wilkesbarre, Scranton, and the Delaware Water Gap.

From Our Own Correspondent. DELAWARE WATER GAP, June 24, 1869. As stated in my letter of yesterday, the New Jersey Editorial Excursion left Mauch Chunk at a quarter before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Scranton soon after 1 o'clock in the evening. The scenery along this portion of our route was perhaps the most romantic and grandly picturesque that we have encountered during our entire trip. At Wilkesbarre, which is fifty-five miles distant from Mauch Chunk, we witnessed the culmination of its beauty. When within about six miles of the former town by rail, although distant from it less than two miles in a straight line, the train paused for ten minutes or so, to give the excursionists an opportunity to contemplate the marvellous view. The line of the railroad is extremely tortuous, a necessity of the configuration of the land, which presents an almost unbroken area of verdure-covered hills. Winding in and out among them the train pursues its meandering course, at times being enclosed on all sides by the mountains, and now and then suddenly reaching a point from which a fertile and highly cultivated valley bursts upon our view. At such a point the pause just mentioned was made, and when the members of our party alighted, a grand chorus of admiration arose from all. Wilkesbarre, like the photograph of the New England village, lay at the bottom of the valley, upon the outskirts of which we stood, a perfect picture of fertility and peace. Surrounding it on all sides were cultivated fields, whose varied hues presented the most startling and attractive contrast, until they were lost in the uniformity of the verdant forest growth which crowned the summits of the enclosing mountains.

The train barely paused at Wilkesbarre, and then pursued its journey to Scranton, distant nineteen miles. By this time the scenery had assumed the wilder aspect which characterizes the coal regions around Mauch Chunk, many of the mountains presenting barren wastes, set off by long black mounds of refuse matter from the mines. The city of Scranton itself called forth exclamations of surprise from all who now for the first time found themselves in its midst. It is a thriving place, with about 50,000 inhabitants, nearly every building bearing the marks of recent erection. There is no city like it in the Atlantic States, and any one who is familiar with the rapidly-growing towns of Indiana and Illinois would at a glance recognize its likeness to them. The first settlement of the vicinity dates back to the year 1740, when some straggling Moravians located themselves upon the spot. But for a century it had no growth. In 1810 there were but three dwelling houses in the place. In 1839 there were but four, if any, additions to them. About this time George and Seldon Scranton conceived the project of constructing the railroad known as the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, the success of the project, and the prosperity which has fallen to the lot of the city named in their honor, being mainly owing to their exertions. As soon as this outlet was provided, the town expanded its proportions at a rate which is seldom witnessed in the Atlantic States. In 1844 a rolling mill was erected, and in the following year the first T rail for railroad use was ever made in the United States was turned out from this establishment. From this beginning have sprung the numerous rolling-mills, smelting-works, and other iron manufactories on a gigantic scale which now crowd the city. An indication of the immense scale on which the business is conducted, it may be mentioned that 70,000 tons of the crude material are annually melted in the Scranton Iron Works alone. The town is surrounded by collieries, contributing the source of the motive power and furnishing the bulk of the coal which supplies the New York market. The city stands on rising ground at the junction of Roaring Brook with the Lackawanna river, the Moosic Mountain looming up on the east and the Lackawanna on the west.

Previous to our arrival at Scranton, each member of the excursion party had received a card designating the hotel at which he or she was to be quartered for the night, and shortly after 9 o'clock we were once more seated in the dining-room of the Wyoming House, where the annual state dinner of the New Jersey Editorial Association was partaken of by the members of the Association and their guests. Charles Tomlinson, Esq., of the Flemington (Hudson county) Democrat, sat at the head of the principal table, as President of the Association. At half-past 10 the cloth was figuratively removed, and the chairman announced the regular toasts of the evening, each to be shortly followed by the Jersey City Times, and the Hon. James M. Scofield, of Camden. The company were detained in the best of humor until 12 o'clock, and broke up with the passage of a series of resolutions expressing the regret of the Association for the loss, and its respect for the memory of the late Henry J. Raymond, of the New York Times.

At a quarter before 10 o'clock this morning, the editorial excursion took a special train provided by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, and proceeded with all possible despatch upon their journey towards the Delaware Water Gap, arriving here soon after 12 o'clock. This spot is so much frequented by the summer tourist that it is scarcely necessary or allowable to indulge in a description of its matchless beauties. But for the benefit of a chance reader who has never enjoyed the unrivaled and impressive view from "Prospect Rock," I will venture a few brief details. The Delaware River, after skirting the base of the Blue Ridge for many miles, here suddenly finds them cleft in twain, and takes advantage of the opening to seek the shortest pathway to the sea. This portion of the Blue Ridge is known by the collective title of the Kittatinny Mountains, which here attain an average elevation of sixteen hundred feet above the level of the river, although the mountains range on both sides, as it extends into Pennsylvania and New Jersey, has an average height of less than a few hundred feet. By a curious freak of nature, this point was chosen for the gap through which the river should find an outlet to the ocean. But there would seem to have been a severe struggle between the powers which rule the waters and the rocks before the breach was effected. The average depth of the river for miles above and below is but six feet, while at the opening in the mountain range the plummet does not strike bottom until it has reached a depth of sixty feet, and the peculiar character of the sediment there found renders it probable that the gorge was at one time much deeper, and is being gradually filled up by deposits of earth. One theory by which the savans have attempted to account for the presence of the gap is based on the supposition that centuries ago there was in the country above a huge lake, rivaling Ontario and Erie in its proportions, the waters of which long dammed up by the Kittatinny range, finally found an opening at its most elevated point. The traditions of the aborigines have been liberally drawn upon to support this theory, the Indian name of the entire country to the north of the Blue Ridge having been Minisink, which signifies "the water is gone." The narrowest point of the gap is about two miles in width, and so precipitously do the banks rise here on both sides that there is barely room for the railway tracks and carriage-road on the Pennsylvania side.

As soon as dinner had been partaken of at the Kittatinny House, the excursion party divided up into little groups, each in search of some advantageous point from which to view the glories of the gap in all their richness and fitness. Those who favored the best, for the time at their command, were the ones who took to the river and floated down the

sluggish stream into the very jaws of the mountain embrasure. Blackhead Mountain, with its wonderful response to the human voice, on the Jersey shore, and Mount Minn, on the Pennsylvania side, with the lookout of Prospect Rock, half way up its rugged slope, presented themselves in succession, with the bold front of Mount Tammany looming up beyond. Those who pursued the white landmarks upon the rocks which start from the hotel, viewing the tree-crowned domes of the surrounding hills from Table Rock, and still further on the rippling course of Caldem creek as it plunges through Diana's Bath, down Moss Cataract, and over Caldem Fall, were also amply rewarded. But the rare prospects to be had from the Lover's Leap, Prospect Rock, and "Sapper's View" were denied us all, by reason of the lack of time to make the wearisome journey over the rocks, and return to the hotel in time to catch the departing train.

As it is, we make the best use of our time, the closing hours of our tour being even more enjoyable than all that have preceded them during the three days in which we have encountered so much novelty and grandeur. At half-past 5 o'clock we take the cars, and at Mauch Chunk, twelve miles below, the party separated, each participant in the excursion seeking the nearest route by rail to his home, and the humdrum daily life to which he must return, as the price of the privilege of living in this world. Among the pleasantest memories which will break in upon him while at his daily tasks hereafter will be this grand three days' tour with the New Jersey editors, which is now in its last regretful moments. WASHINGTON.

NEW-YORKISMS.

From Our Own Correspondent. NEW YORK, June 26, 1869. Now do city clerks begin to look longingly for the time when their conventional two weeks shall have been granted them, and they may go their several ways rejoicing. It would be hard to persuade them that they would do better without the two weeks than with them; that the change of air, of drink, or of food for so short a space of time is scarcely beneficial enough in its results to act as a prop for the remainder of the year. A few of the larger stores here are quite lenient in the privileges they allow in summer time. The stores, indeed, close very generally at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoons. Some of the stores, however, permit clerks and saleswomen to absent themselves for any reasonable number of weeks, not paying, indeed, full salary during these intervals of absence, but retaining their places and allowing a certain proportion of wages. But if I were a clerk, I scarcely think I should enjoy it were my employer to come to me some fine morning and say, "All Baba, you have two weeks' holiday; here is your fortnight's salary in advance; take it; bless you; be happy." No, were I to discover the treasures of the Forty Thieves to-morrow, I should resist the temptation of a trip to Europe, unless I could make arrangements to write for THE EVENING TELEGRAPH whilst away.

Cholera morbus is for sale on all the fruit-stands along Broadway. Only they call it cherries, and in their present state remind me of what Josh Billings says, viz.—that eating cherries is like sucking marbles with sugar on them. I am very fond of the greenness of nature, but I don't like to see it for sale in the shape of fruit. I am afraid nature is not healthy in exactly that form, but manages to put the verdure and the virus together.

George Holland, one of the Wallackian veterans, published a card the other day, manfully bemoaning the termination of his engagement at Lester's theatre, and mildly intimating that when the time came for him to shuffle off this mortal coil, he should be left to turn up his toes without money enough to pay his funeral expenses. I do not say that Mr. Holland may be said to have followed his nose. He has certainly snuffed himself into the affections of New Yorkers.

The accommodations this summer along the Hudson are very superior. The steamers C. Vibbard and Daniel Drew belong to the Albany day line. One of them leaves New York every morning at seven, from Desbrosses and West Thirty-fourth street, and reaches Albany at four in the afternoon. Returning, you leave Albany at nine in the morning, and arrive here at six in the evening, stopping at West Point, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Catskill, and Hudson. So far as the scenery along the Hudson is concerned, American voyagers along the Rhine have no pre-eminence to boast of. There is no reason for which to exchange the over-written Rhine-land mountains for the romantic legends which halo the picturesque Hudson.

It has been proposed and re-proposed to open at various points throughout the city cheap reading-rooms and places of innocent amusement, the expense of which would be only a few pennies to every visitor. Readings, lectures, music, and chemical experiments are proposed as the "innocent amusements" in question. It may be said, but it is nevertheless true, that poor people—in America, at any rate—do not relish amusements which are gotten up solely for their benefit. They would rather go to see *Sisindus* once a year than hear every week the sixteenth readers and singers and lecturers who are always willing to volunteer. The plan has been tried here before, and its success has not been dazzling. Besides, poor young men and women like to "pick-up" one another as well as rich young people do, and these cheap entertainments afford them every opportunity. Whether, therefore, morality bids us countenance the cheap reading-rooms, I leave it to the casual readers of THE TELEGRAPH to determine.

Saint Anna's house on Staten Island is getting ready for him—to die there, one of the newspapers prophesied for his hope. He is old enough. He thinks Staten Island is the only Paradise extant, and intends to write his autobiography during the dog-days.

The reporters of the afternoon papers are rejoicing in the fact that they are to be admitted to the Spencer-Tyler wedding that is to take place this morning in Christ Church. A rumor was in circulation that the door was to be closed in the face of Jenkins, and that no one but the vendors of the "wedding" was to be permitted the chance of funkyness. But that rumor is now discredited, and the *Evening Telegraph* of this city already has its cartoons for this afternoon prepared.

Yesterday evening's *Express* contained a card from Mrs. Clara F. Meade, of Philadelphia, begging the public to suspend all judgment in the case of her "unfortunate husband," Captain Meade, and assuring them that his apparent violation of truth and honor were only "incidental to his disease." "Where is Colonel Ryan?" is the cry. He is not at police headquarters, that is certain, for that establishment has been ransacked more than once in the vain hope of discovering him. Some say that Officer Downey, in whose charge Ryan was, connived at his escape; and others agree in Marshal Barlow's more charitable opinion that he was overpowered. It is "the general opinion" that he left the city on Thursday night; and it is the current report that he has made for Canada. But the detectives who failed to find the Rogers murderer cannot be expected, by ferreting out Ryan, to surpass the brilliant feats they performed last winter. A party of Cuban filibusters have encamped themselves in Cooper's Hall, Jersey City. Their head-quarters is a man calling himself Thomas Jennings, who gives out that he is getting up a silver-mining expedition for Nevada. In fact, he talks nothing but Nevada—its climate, productions, and institutions. He knows nothing about Cuba, is not aware of the existence of any other locality than Nevada. Nevertheless, Cooper's Hall and its surroundings have a very peculiar aspect. It would not take much to make one trace in them a resemblance to soldiers' barracks. The recruits—If I regard them, the silver-miners—are mostly Irish and German young men, who are quite noisy to the climate of those northern diggings. But if I am not mistaken, they will soon harbor in a southern

clime, and become entangled somewhere in the West Indies instead of the west United States. The closing of the Schutzenfest was postponed until last night instead of yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the heat of the weather and the unpopularity of the early portion of the week. The Schutzenfest for the year 1869 is Mr. Gevert Menkin, who yesterday afternoon shot away the last remains of the double-headed eagle, and received the prize of the hundred-dollar golden medal and the fifty-dollar in currency. At 8 o'clock the coronation of the king was celebrated at the Bevidere, and the floor was strewn with natural flowers, cast there by one hundred picked boys and girls. The total value of the prizes distributed is about three thousand dollars. Last night the end came at last in a monster ball, and the Schutzenfest died out for another year.

The European steamers are still going out crowded with passengers. The *Hammonia*, and the *Minnesota*, which sailed yesterday afternoon, took out at least two hundred. It is stated that Miss Kellogg is to sail on the 16th of July. Similar statements have sneaked into the newspapers several times, and it naturally becomes a question whether the lady intends going at all. If she only had as much voice as she has jealousy, she would be almost as great a singer as Patsy-Ross. I love the latter singer with an E, because she is *emphatic*. I hate her because she is envious. Her name is Euphrosyne. I will take her to the sign of the Euphrosyne, and treat her to eggs, eels, and elderberries.

Yesterday morning there was a private ritualistic baptism at Christ Church, Fifth avenue, the occasion being the christening of the infant child of the Rev. Dr. Euer, rector of the church. The church was also filled with tall candles, and the company was confined to Dr. Euer's family and a few near friends and relatives. These formed a procession in the vestry and, headed by Father Brown, the assistant rector, and an acolyte bearing a lighted candle, proceeded to the font. The infant, instead of being sprinkled according to the established usage, was dipped, and that three times, but since he was wrapped up in a white blanket, I don't suppose the water hurt him much. Father Brown acted as godfather, and young Alfred Euer, a lad of fifteen, and one of the chorists, officiated as sponsor. The baby was judged too young to hold the candle, and from the habit babies have of putting everything "uptable" into their mouths and eyes, I have no doubt this decision was a wise one. The candle, by-the-by, was likewise dipped three times, and then all parties returned to the vestry, satisfied, perhaps, that after all ritualism is the only plan of salvation worth a trying. The water, however, was not white, and, looking at the many lighted tapers, one might well have thought that the play was not worth the candles. ALL BABA.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**  
**The City Amusements.**  
AT THE ARCH the pantomime of *Humpty Dumpty* will be brought out this evening in handsome style as a summer piece. Tony Denier, who is one of the best performers in his line in the country, will appear as "Clown." George A. Beane as "Pantolon," Harry Lester as "Herrington," and Madeline Angioli as "Columbine." The pantomime will be put upon the stage with new scenery, etc. In the skit scene Mr. Alfred Moe will appear, and the ballet will be led by Madeline Theresa Antonino.  
AT THE WALNUT the drama of *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be performed for the last time, and the season will close this evening.  
AT THE AMERICAN popular variety entertainments will be given this afternoon and evening.

**CITY ITEMS.**  
STILES, FITZARD MAKE OF *Men's, Youth's, and Boy's Clothing* unequalled by any stock of Ready-made goods in Philadelphia. We have also CHOICE ASSORTMENT of selected styles of piece goods, to be made up to order, in unassisted style.  
ALL PRICES GUARANTEED lower than the lowest elsewhere, and full satisfaction guaranteed every purchaser, or the sale cancelled and money refunded.  
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GROVER & BAKER'S Highest Premium Sewing Machines, No. 730 Chestnut street.  
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TO LET A COLD have its own way in assisting in laying the foundation of Consumption, Cough, or Cold, you have only to use once DR. JARNE'S EXpectorant. Sold everywhere.

NO. 2 DECATUR STREET.—HOWELL & BROTHERS, PAPER-HANGING MANUFACTURERS. Are prepared to furnish at wholesale all styles of Paper Hangings, at their store, NO. 3 DECATUR STREET, until the completion of their new store on SIXTH STREET, BELOW MARKET.

WHITE STONE CHINA CHAMBER SETS—Ten pieces, \$50, at KERN'S CHINA HALL, No. 1218 Chestnut street.  
WHITE STONE CHINA TEA SETS—Forty-six pieces (cups with handles), \$5. Forty-four pieces (cups with handles), \$4. All best quality, at KERN'S CHINA HALL, No. 1218 Chestnut street.  
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GLASSWARE.—At Kern's China Hall, No. 1218 Chestnut street, you cannot fail to make a selection from our immense assortment. Tumblers, \$2c. to \$25 per dozen; Goblets, \$1.50 to \$10 per dozen; Decanters, \$1 to \$75 per pair.  
BEST QUALITY FRENCH CHINA—Dinner Sets, 115 pieces, \$30; 145 pieces, \$50, at KERN'S CHINA HALL, No. 1218 Chestnut street.  
FINEST VINO GLASSWARE.—At Kern's China Hall, No. 1218 Chestnut street. Stand hot water.

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One thousand odd Gasior Bottles, cut glass, 25c. each. Kern's China Hall, No. 1218 Chestnut street.

TO THE SEAMSTRESSES.—An act to exempt sewing machines belonging to the seamstress from this Common Law writ from levy and sale on execution or distress for rent.  
Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that hereafter all sewing machines belonging to seamstresses in this Commonwealth shall be exempt from levy and sale on execution or distress for rent, in addition to any article or money now exempt by law.  
Speaker of the House of Representatives. WILHELM WORTHINGTON, Speaker of the Senate. JOHN W. GEARY, Approved the 13th day of April, Anno Domini 1869.  
The Grover & Baker Machine is now one of the most popular machines before the public. No one should be without one. It is always ready to work, and accomplishes any kind of sewing in perfect style.—Columbia (Pa.) Ad.

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DEED. MCGONNELL.—On the 19th instant, JOHN MCGONNELL, aged 45 years. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, without further notice.

WALTON.—On the 24th instant, WILLIAM WALTON, of the late Eliza Walton, aged 45 years. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, at the residence of her parents, No. 416 South street, below Lombard, on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

WALTON.—On the 24th instant, WILLIAM WALTON, of the late Eliza Walton, aged 45 years. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, at the residence of her parents, No. 416 South street, below Lombard, on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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